Remarkable Occurrences That May Not Have Occurred.

Some Strange Adventures of the Votaries of Rod and Reel.

IT WAS AN ADDER.

The Boy Thought It Was a Trout and Picked It Up.

One August afternoon years ago, when a schoolboy in Monson, Mass., I went troutfishing in Pinnacle Brook, Colton Hollow, a mile and a halt west of the town. The stream was nearly dry, and of course no trout except in the deep holes in the bed of the brook. In one large pool, perhaps three feet deep, were gathered a large number of trout. A few took the bait and were lauded, a few others were yanked out a ter we had careful y dropped the book beneath them, and then we stripped and plunged in to eatch in our hands any that had hid be ween or beneath the stones. We got nearly all of them, but one part cularly large old fellow avoided us and hid beneath the bank in the deepest part of the pool. Putting my head under water and reaching in with my left hand I felt for Jound and seized him and left hand I felt for found and seized him and dragged him out, shouting as my head came into sight, "I've got him, Lyme." Then I slowly raised my left arm out of the brook and there grasped firmly by the middle was a great, three-foot long, scaly, loathsome, brown-spotted adder which quickly wrapped his tail about my forearm and raised and drew tack his head with its wide-open mouth, what in the property and giftening tongue and giftening tongue and giftening evers. drew back his head with its wide-open mouth, whrating tongue and glittering eyes. Mechanically my arm straightened suddeuly and my grasp re-axed, whereupon the snake slowly unwound and dropped on one bank of the brook while we little fellows, thoroughly frightened, scrambled out on the other side. We afterwards crossed the brook and killed the snake, but to this day I never recall the event without and down my backbone.
SEULL AND BONES. recall the event without an odd sensation up

Couldn't Fool That Fish.

One day on a fishing trip on the upper Elbe River in Germany, my English friend and I separated; he determined to angle on the other side of the river, while I staved where I was, at the same time looking for some shady place on the somewhat rocky shore to take a little rest and lunch. Espyshore to take a little rest and lunch. Espoying a wild cherry-tree with branches partly
stretched over the water, I sat down under it
and, unnoticed, watched some starlings feeding on cherries, dropping down one now and
then which would sink slowly. A sudden
splash turned my attention to the water and
there I saw a fine specimen of redfin (as the
local name is) swallowing the luscious fruit
and then bring routloyless, near the surface. and then lying motionless near the surface. As quick as I could I fastened a cherry on my hook and threw it into the water. The fish went for it, swam around it, but didn't bite. I tried it two or three times more, but bite. I tried it two or three times more, but without avail. At last I took an extraordinarily large one, threw it in again, and this time, after a little hesitation, the fish took the bait. I jerked, but to my great surprise he had torn off the cherry without touching the hook and, sticking his head out of the water, he gave a sudden, impulsive squeezing pressure with his jaw and hit me straight in my right eve with the stone and disappeared. I had a sore eye for several days, and my friend, who had been standing on the opposite bank and had seen all, is willing to youch for it. He is in the East Indies now.

R. Lehn, 869 Third avenue.

I was fly-fishing one forenoon some years ago on a well-known trout stream in Scotland. A small trout rose to the tail fly and was immediately hooked. Scarcely had this occurred when the bobfly, a black gnat, was seized by one of the numerous swallows skimming over the stream. The hook in skimming over the stream. The hook in some way or another got fixed in the bird's beak, and a most amusing and exciting struggle commenced. At one moment the swallow would lift the trout complexely out of the water and drag it along for a foot or two; at another time the trout would get the best of it, and, diving down deep into its native elements, would pull the swallow out of sight. I followed the stream for nearly haif a mile, eagerly watching this unique contest and wondering how it would terminate. Unfortunally, the gut cast got entangled unfortuna e'y the gut cast got entangled Unfortuna e'y the gut cast got entangled in twan across a projecting sump, snapped in twam and liberated the ill-assorted couple simultaneously,

FRED KINSMAN,

1569 Ninth avenue.

Two Birds, a Squirrel and a Cranc. Many years ago I stood on the bank of a famous fishing creek. In the middle of the stream was a small island, on the other side a shell-bark tree, with branches almost touching the water; on the shore above a dead ing the water; on the shore above a dead oak, backed by a cornfield. Casting my line, I was almost dozing, when I saw a crane on the island jumping up and down, flapping his wings as if deranged. I siezed my gun and fired; the bird fell. As I shot I heard a alling in the cornfield. I got on the island if found the crane dead. I was surprised to see a squirrel floating in the water, giving his last kicks. The yelling continued, and, springing up the bank, was still more ast inished to find two dead wild pigeona under the oak, when Negro Saudy broke out of the corn row, hollering:

FISHERMEN'S YARNS.

"Don't shoot, don't shoot any more." I turned and said: "See what I have shot, two birds, a squirrel and a orane." "And a nigger, too, sir: you hit me in the leg; see the marks." It was too true; but fifty cents heeled Sandy wounds in a moment. I was stonished to find in the crane's throat, which he had tried to swallow, a large chub that had fastened on my hook. When I pulled the fish out I saw that several shot had punctured his body. As the crane, squirrel, pigeon

Matched at Last-Greek George and his body. As the crane, squirrel, pigeon and Sandy happened to be in a straight line the shot was not so surprising.

Pishing With a Suction Pump. At Rome City, Ind., now famous as the Chautauqua of the West, occurred rare sport in the Winter of '66-7.

Its beautiful lake, at once the charm and pride of the locality, was then covered with perfectly transperent ice, through which and near its surface the fish, for which it is likewise celebrated, were plainly visible. At that period I had the rare pleasure of initiation into one of the very novel and original methods of catching fish. Walking out upon methods of catching ash. Walking out upon the ice to some central point we would cut a hole in it and around the hole, upon the ice and to some distance away, sprinkle a plentiful supply of seductive macaroni, then into the hole insert a suction hose and pump out a satisfactory supply of fish as they huddled to the scratch. INASMUCH BLACQUE.

Fish for Everything. While taking a trip around the coast of Ireland I strayed one day into the little fishing village of Dingle in County Kerry, and s quaint little village it is, about the most truly primitive even in the "old country." and perfectly described when you call it a fishing village. Everything and everyone in the place is sugges ive of fish. The theme of the inhabitants from morning to night is the But strangest of all, the village and every cabin in it is illuminated at night not by gas nor by oil, but by fish plentifully strewn about the streets and hung around the cabin walls, the phosporescent scales of the finny creatures being as powerful a luminant as could be desired. P. J. Duyrr, 223 East Forty-second street.

Fishing Exploit of a Duck,

I will just write of a little incident which unused me on my fishing trip last Summer. was amused at the antics of a duck up the Passaic River. She appeared to be fighting something as her neck was stretched forward something as her neck was stretched forward and her feet were moving very quickly. On rowing up to her I found a fishline coming from her mouth, a fish on the other end of the line and the duck pulling on the line with her feet, thereby gradually pulling us the one-half pound pickerel. After tugging on the line I pulled out a spool on which the line was ted. Some gammin had evidently left his line behind him and her duckship, mistook it for a bug. It is my very humble opinion that this was her first and last catch, as I took her to camp for dinner. S. R. G. Roseville, N. J.

Reformed by Sen Robins.

I caught nothing but sea robins, so I gave up fishing in disgust and began to experiment with the "robins." They possess great vitality and emit, when annoved, a curious grunt or croak, and the idea struck me to select a quartet of different voiced croakers. I selected two tenors, a baritone and a casso, and these, when stirred up, produced by the combination of their voices quite a pleasing melody. Tiring of this I strung all the fish and tied the ends of the string to-gether. I then threw the bunch overboard. the fish and tied the ends of the string together: I then threw the bunch overboard. I watched them turging in different directions for a few moments and then weighed anchor and went home. Two Sundays afterward I went to the same place to have another go with the finny tribe, and soon I got a remarkable bite. It felt like the sensation of holding the handles of a galvanic battery with a mild current on. I pulled in and what do you think? On the word of a fisherman, I landed my string of old friends. After recovering my composure I cut the string and began experimenting again, when my attention was atracted to a sloop which threatened to run me down. Having squared things with the sloop I turned again to my finny friends, and found that my quartet had detached themselves from the rest and had collected at my feet. They must have been waiting for my attention, for as I turned around they began to grunt the familiar air of "A Life on the Ocean Wave." I listened in speechless sur rise to this air, but was moved to tears when, upon finishing the first song, they began to croak, "Home. Sweet Home." The subject was so suggestive that I immediately threw them all overboard and resolved to lead a new and better life, which resolve I have strictly adherent to.

N. P. Kenyon, 30 Bowery.

Suspenders as Fishing Tackle. Last Summer I started from Fire Island with a party to troll for bluefish. Our party being large for the size of our catboat, I determined to fish from the stern of the small boat we were towing. Being warm, I removed my coat and unbuttoned my suspenders, leaving them attached in the back. We were having considerate luck and enjoying ourselves generally, when in making a tack my small boat came around rather suddenly, and partially upset me from my seat. On righting myself I became aware of something tugging at my waist, and, looking around, found my suspenders dragging in the water. I reached to draw them in, but found it no

I reached to draw them in, but found it no easy matter.

I finally unbuttoned them and drew them in, and was much surprised to see two large bluefish attached to the buckles. One fell off as soon as I drew it in. The other was firmly caught, the buckle hooked in its gills. The two fish weighed fourteen pounds. Old fishermen said it was the most novel fishing tackle used on Great South Bay. I still have the suspenders, and always wear them on fishing excursions.

711 Lexington avenue, Brooklyn.

Prompt in Action, but No Burning from Red Pepper. Carten's S. W. & B. BACKACHE PLASTER

Matched at Last-Greek George and Nicholas Maluso to Wrestle-John L. is Besieged with Challenges in Anticipation of His Winning the Fight.

Gotham has been pretty well cleared of her class of sporting men interested in pugilism. Most of them are bound for the big fight. None of the sports anticipate any difficulty in bringing off the match, in spite of the howl protest and warning sent up by the Governors of the States wherein the fight m ght occur. The accusation by some of Sullivan's more hot-headed adherents, that Kilram's party is at the bottom of the effort to prevent a meet ng. 18 unjust. The State governments must necessarily frown upon a prize-fight; but it will be rather difficult for them to enforce their edicts forbidding it. on account of the large extent of territory that must be guarded and the thinly settled condition of the country.

Sullivan declares that he is in finer trim than ever. And this despite the statements of physicians who attended him in his comparatively recent iliness. The doctors say that it takes a man three years to recover from the effects of typhoid fever and say that John's legs will be apt to give out. To effect this are Sullivan's remarkable rope-skipping performances. performances.

Jimmy Carroll yesterday received a letter from the Sou hern California Athletic Club offering a \$1,500 purse for a fight between him and Joe Ellingsworth, \$1,000 to the winner, \$500 to the oser. Jimmy immedi-ately telegraphed his willingness to meet Ellingsworth. The battle will probably occur some time in August.

The Troy Cribb Club will give a purse for Frank Bosworth and Arthur Upham to battle for. The Club has been looking for a man to meet Bosworth for some time. The fight will take place the first or second week in August at 155 pounds. Upham claims to have done wenders in Connecticut and Massachusetts fights.

The wrestling match between Greek George and Nicholas Romano Maluso, will occur about the 15th inst., in New York or Brooklyn, the exact locality having not yet been decided on.

The opinion of California sporting men is that the much mooted question of the world's cuampionable lies between Peter Jackson and the winner of the Kiran a Sullivan fight, which, they think, will be Sullivan.

There seems to be very little rest for the weary. Poor John L. has already a swarm of challengers clattering at his heels in view of a possible victory over Jake, of Baitimore, Here is Mr. "Pony" Moore anxious to match Charley Mitchell again against Sullivan in case the latter vanquishes Kilrain.

This means that " the boxing champion of England," with the accent on the "boxing," will foreswear his reiterated declaration that he will engage in no more finish fights. Com-ing from such an excellent authority, it must be true. Charley's papa-in-law does not make assertions of this kind merely for the sake of talking.

"Pony" Morre is not an Englishman, as generally supposed. He is an American born and bred, and a New Yorker at that, He was born in a house on Barrow street, and did not settle in England until long after he had acquired a competence in the negro-minstrel line. This is how he made his money: not by horse-racing as commonly be leved. Judicious real-es ate investments be leved. Judicious real-es ate investments realized very handsome profit on the ducats earned by the donn ng of burnt cork. And now "Pony" has an "estate," baronial in magnificence within Albion's borders, and is a leader among the swell English sporting

In the race for the Sharpless Cup to.day on the Schuylkill, the Cornell, Pennsylvania, Crescent and Fairmount eights meet. Yale has withdrawn. As the course is but a mileaud.a-half in length it seems probable that Yale feared to rak defeat at the hands of presumably less skilful rivals.

Yale's big crew, doubtless, could vanquish the lighter Cornellians in a four-mile contest, but in a race affording opportunity for a big burst of speed the boys from Ithaca are very speedy indeed. Had not Yale men asserted so positively that the Elm City oracks would enter for the Sharpless Cup their withdrawal could be at ributed to a natural desire to "break training" after their eight months continuous rigid work.

But Pennsylvania, which has a very "gritty" crew, will have two chances of redeeming her defeats on the Thames; for besides the Sharpless Cup race to day, there is the struggle for the Childs Cup to-morrow.

The talked of trip to England next year of a college athletic team to compete with the redoubtable athletes of Oxford and Cambridg. merits encouragement. In the field meetings this year our college athletes have displayed such prowess that their success abroad ought to be very marked. A comparison by actual contest between English and American collegians would be highly interesting. May the scheme materialize.

The half-mile race to-day at the Prospect Harriers' gemes ought to be rather interesting, and no doubt this event alone will draw a crowd to Washington Park. Tommy Conneff is at scratch. Banks, Devereux and Corbett, with handicap allowances, should make the finish exciting.

JAMESTOWN WITH THE THIEF.

Capt, Westervelt, of the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street police, and the police of Jamestown, N. Y., are in communication to-day about two New Yorkers in custody at Randolph accused of having robbed Justice and Sachen

Charles Welde, of this city. One of the prisoners is Frederick or Fritz Schultz, the bartender in Charles Schaeffer's beer saloon at One Hundred and Twenty-fourth street and Fourth avenue, this city. ported to have confessed to the Jamestown tice to having stolen \$2,020 belonging to Juste Welde. The other is named Lydecker and

tice Welde. The other is named Lydecker and is held as an accomplice.

Detectives Mott and Price, of Capt. Westervelt's squad, are on the way to Jamestown, and the prisoner, or at any rate Schultz, will be brought back. The statement that Schultz had an accomplice is doubted very much by Capt. Westervet. The prisoner or prisoners cannot reach this city until to-morrow.

After bearing of the averests Police Justice After bearing of the averests Police Justice After hearing of the arrests Police Justice Welde was willing to talk about the robbery, which he has kept a secret for the past ten days

which he has kept a secret for the past ten days or more.

On June 22 Judge Welde said that he received \$1,200 in bills and \$820 in checks, and being in a hurry to get out of fown availed himself of the use of the safe in Mr. Schaefer's salcon, which is next door to his residence, 77 East One Hundred and Twenty-fourth street. He put the money and checks inside and shut the door, but forget that it was a combination lock and did not turn the knob. Three days later, on going to the safe, he found his money missing and Schultz, the bartender also. He put the matter in the hands of the police with the result as above stated. Shultz is accused of having committed a robbery in Herkimer county since leaving this city. aving this city. The stolen money was found on him,

SELLING LIQUOR TO MINORS.

n Interesting Point to Be Laid Before the Supreme Court.

A very important question concerning all liquor dealers and saloon-keepers in the city of New York will soon be decided by the Supreme

Court. Heretofore the Excise Commissioners have re voked the licenses of all liquor dealers and saloon-keepers who had been convicted of selling liquor to minors under the age of fourteen

years. On the 22d of April this year the Legislature passed a new law providing for the nunishment of every person who shall rell or give away spirituous liquors to any minor under the age of sixteen years, thus raising the age from fourteen

o sixteen years. The Excise Commissioners intend to revoke Il licenses of persons convicted under this new

law.

In order to test the right of the Excise Commissioners to revoke the license of the licensee
under the new law Messrs, Alfred and Charles
Steekler have prepared a test case to be submitted to the Supreme Court next week for its
denisting the court of the court is supported to the supreme court next week for its

decision.

The point arises in the case of Gabriel Zuckerman, who was arrested on the 20th inst. for selling liquor to a minor over the age of foursteen and under the age of sixteen years. Zuckerman was held by Police Justice Power for trial in the Court of General Sessions.

His counsel content that the Board have no right on his conviction to revoke the license because the law of 1889 provide for no other pensity than the punishment for a misdemeanor, and ask for a writ of prohibition against the Commissioners.

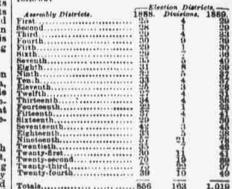
Commissioners.

The outcome of this question is anxiously awaited by an who are engaged in the ale, wine, beer and houor traffic.

163 NEW ELECTION DISTRICTS. Easler for the Voters and Good for Blee.

To relieve the overcrowding at many of the olling places in the city and prevent such inconvenience as arose at the last election, the

Police Commissioners have divided 163 election listricts, making the total number henceforth The changes by election districts are shown as follows:



The Young Man's Fatal Bicmish.

[From the Chicago Tribune, 1 He had taken a vacant seat in the car by the side of a lovely young girl with whom he had some acquaintance already, and whom he was ardently desirous of impressing favorably. Under the spell of his brilliant conversational powers and the glance of his dark hazel eye the toil-tale blu-h had risen to her cheek and the tell-tale blu-h had risen to her cheek and bore mute yet eloquent testimony to the progress the presumptuous youth was making in her good graces. Carelessly handing the train-boy a quarter of a dollar and requesting the worth of it in caramels, he was about to resume the conversation that had been inter-rupted for the noment, when he saw the flush die out of the young lady's face and a cold, indifferent, wearied ook take its place, and he knew a blight had fallen forever on his budding hopes.

he knew a blight had fallen forever on his budding hopes. On what triffes hang the destinies of two human lives! As the boxes of caramels were thrown by the train-boy on the young man's lap they fell to the floor, and his fair com-panion had seen them fall and noted the res-

son.
"I can never marry a man," she had said to herself, "as bow-legged as he is."

JUSTICE WELDE IN LUCK. BUNCHED QUIPS AND JESTS. GOSSIP OF THE GREENROOM.

LARGE NUMBER OF SPORTS BOUND FOR HIS STOLEN \$2,000 COMING BACK FROM A FEW NOSEGAYS FROM THE GREAT BOU. WHAT IS GOING ON AMONG THE THEATRI-QUET OF HUMOR. CAL PROPLE.

The White Elephant," that will be pro-

duced at the Bijou Theatre a week from next

Monday. All his managerial friends tell him

metropolitan hearing. But Mr. Goodwin is

firm. He must have New York. He has

been informed that such successful fares-

Soldier," "A Hole in the Ground,"

Miss Marie Wainwright will sail from Liver-pool for this city July 10 by the City of Paris.

Miss Amy Ames will be starred next season

Miss Vernous Jarbeau is so busily engaged

in summering that actors and actresses who wish to see her relative to her coming tour are obliged to visit her at her Summer resi-

"The Medicine Man" is the name of a

Prof. Herrmann says that the Transatiantic

"PINAFORE." A highly creditable performance of Gilbert

and Sullivan's " Pinafore " was given at Proc-

tor's Twenty-third Street Theatre last night by

"American juveniles." The tuneful strains and estirical lines were as welcome as old friends

who have been tried by all sorts of comparison

The "American juveniles" did admirably

The young people seemed to enter into the spirit of their work. They enjoyed themselves

as much as the audience did. I am sure, and they danced with the impetus lent by health and

pleasure; they sang and acted with the care and

recision imparted by the reality of the pro-

Master Charlie A. Heidler made a capital Sir

Joseph Porter. His make-up was marvellously

good and the boyish dryness he had been trained

to give to the role was very funny. Master

Harry Leighton as Ralph Backstraw was

and have not been found wanting.

comedies as "A Brass Monkey," "A Tin

'Natural Gas," "Later On," "A Rag

The Riger of the Game.



Excited Pitcher (running in, to blasted ampire)-Say, Billy, how's dat? Yer sin't got der nerve ter call balls on dat, have yer? Country Boarders.

Mr. Ulater Coe-Ah, Miss Wasker! Reading Herrick, as usual, I see.

"Natural Gas." "Later On." "A Rag Faby" and "A Parlor Match" have all been produced in the first piace out of town and then modelled into a New York success. Hoyt always goes up to the Berkshire Hills to produce his pieces. Frank Goodwin declares that he doesn't want an out-of-town verdict, He does Broadway each day with the author of "The White Elephant." a little man named Fowler, tacked to his side, and is pleased with his propagets. Miss Minnie Wasker-Ob, yes; you really can't imagine how much he helps me to persuade myself that the country is really beauti-

High Up.

Wesley Sisson has received a cablegram from A. M. Palmer. Mr. Palmer is still at the Victoria Hotel, London, but goes to Paris very soon. In the mean time, everything is prosperous for the absent manager at his two thea res. "The Burglar" is doing well at the Mad son Square. It will be succeeded at [From the Harvard Lampoon.] Hollis Holworthy-Yes, I've been looking up some of my ancestors, and——
Miss Beacon—I guess you found a good
many of them up a tree, didn't you?

thea res. "The Burglar" is done, the Mad son Square. It will be succeeded at the Mad son Square. It will be succeeded at the end of its five weeks' run by Kate Claxton, with "Boot e's Baby," and she will remain at the house until the opening of the regular season. At Palmer's Theatre Col. McCaull stays until October. Outlandish Presunctation Boston Girl-Did you ever! The Arkansas Legislature has enacted that in all official proceedings the name of the State shall be pro-

Miss Agnes Herndon is to star next season in "La Belle Merie," "A Woman's Love, "A War Hevoine." The Mesmerist" and "The Tourist's Bride." "A War Heroine" was written by Miss Herndon herself. William Boyd will be Miss Herndon's leading man. The sum of \$60,000, it is said, will be invested in this tour. nounced Arkansow.
Cultured Mother—It's monstrous! If our Legislature should insist on such an outlandish pronunciation of Massachusetts, it would cause the biggest kind of an indignation meeting in Funnel Hall.

Had to Withdraw His Patronage.

Howell Gibbon -I don't like to trade with Cutaway; you can't depend upon what he says. Tells you he'll have your suit ready Wednesday, and you may not get it for a week. When I order a suit of clothes I want

with Frank Deshon. They will be stars of equal magnitude, so it appears. Their vehicle will be a new three-act farce-comedy by the energetic Mr. Grattan Donneily, author of "Natural Gas," "Civil Service" Upson Downes—So do I, and I think six or eight months is enough for any tailor. I've had to leave Cutaway on that account myself. and "Fashions." Miss Minuie Palmer sails for Europe July 23 on the Alaska. She will engage a leading man in England, though she has been trying to secure one here in place of the recalcitrant Roberts. Romance and Provisions.

dence.

in this tour.

(Fram. rine.)
As the last page of the epic lay before him,

Pietro F anders drew a long breath and sailed in with renewed vigor. Line after line was reeled off until, late in the afernoon the final stanza alone remained to be written. Girding himself for a supreme effort he penned :

And at last with the jewels of ophia I can toy; and take rest on my sofa.

And at last with the jewels of ophia
I can toy; and take rest on my sofa.

Just then the landlady's voice came rasping up the stairs.

"Mr. Flauders! Oh! Mr. Flanders. Eggs is eggs. an' money is money. If you've got 15 cents in cash, dinner 's ready."

Mr. Flanders didn't dine that night.

Reading Matter Handy.

[From the Stortington From Javes.]

Sarah Ann—Oh, this awful railroad junction! Here we are for five hours with absolutely nothing to read.

Mary Jane (sotto voice)—Say! why couldn't we read your bustle?

A Blonde in Disguise.

[From the Wasp.]

[From the Wasp.]
Lecturer—All statistics prove that the blonds women are more difficult to get along new American comic opera soon to be pro-duced in San Francisco. with than brunettes.

Astonished Man in the Audience (starting up)—Are you certain of that?

'It is a fact."

"Then I believe my wife's black hair is

A Boston Paraphrase.

Miss Backey-I wonder if President Harrison will receive a synonym.

Miss Wobbash—A which?

Miss Backey—A synonym you know.

Interference Resented.

[From the Chicago Tribune.] "John, wake up! I hear a noise in the kitchen. There's somebody in the house!" (Jumping out of Bed)-Don't be afraid. Maria. I'll drive him out. Se calm, darling,

"Don't go down that steep stairway with your revolver cocked. John. It might go off before you are ready."

(Crawling back into bed): "Mrs. Billus, if you haven't any confidence in my management of burglars you can take the revolver and go down yourself."

though—as I heard somebody in the audience they might have been. In fact one or two members of the company must have cut their wisdom teeth. This does not in the least detract from the value of their performance, but merely from the claims of juvenility. Two Kinds of Notes.

[ From the Laurence American. Merritt-Wonderful singer, Mme. Highcee. Why, she holds a note nearly five minutes!
Fortune—That's nothing. I've been holding one of your notes for nearly six months, and I wish you'd pay up.

His Hend Was a Vold. [From the Fittsburg Chronicle.] "I often feel an-aching void," remarked

young Fitzpercy to Miss Susie.

seeding.

for him when it breaks, and the angulah of Martin Tripp in 'A Midnight Bell" will be nothing to his. Miss Lulu Hamilton, as Josephine, sang prettily, but wouldn't be childish, though she could have been. She spoiled her performance by self-consciousness. Miss Annie McVeigh's work was the most artistic of Frank Goodwin Will Produce "The White the evening. The prettiest child on the stage was little Mamie Ryan, who had the small part

Elephant," in This City... Bootle's Baby"
to Succeed "The Bargiar". Agnes of Hebe and was very charming in it. Herndon to Star in a Repertuire-"The Master Charles C. Goodman, jr., was Bill Bob Bull-Fighter" to Be Presented at the stay. Poor little Master Charles was so nervous that the audience tried to comfort him. He sang "He Was an Englishman" admirably, and Frank Goodwin says that he intends to rise in a few days will be the feature of the performor fall on the verdict of New Yorkers upon

ance. John W. Parr also did well. The revival was certainly a success. The opera was over by 10 o'clock, and the time had passe so surprisingly quickly that I was shocked. to try it out of town first, and then give it a should like to see this "Pinafore" again.

Society in Nebraska.

[From the Chiengo News.]
The people of Nebraska are the most sociable of human beings. A lynching committee in that State caught a murderer the other day and then issued polite invitations to all the and then issued polite invitations to all the elite of the neighborhood to come and grace the impending festivities. A notable gathering was soon on the ground, and then the ceremony of compressing the neck of the prisoner with a rope was successfully performed. To turn a hanging into a society event, at which every one is in good spirite except the corpse, is to triumph over some rather serious obstacles.

Answers to Correspondents Y. C. 78.—The New York Society for the Sup-pression of Vice. No. 150 Nassau street.

McHugh No. 17.—The courts would have to decide the question whether under all the cir-cumstances a legal marriage had taken place between the parties.

L. Videcy.—The present population of New York City is estimated at 1,500,000, and that of Philadelphia at 1,100,000. William Hartman, -- England and France were allies in the Crimean war, and English and French regiments were engaged against the Bussians at the Aims, Inkerman and before Sebastopol.

John Rorger.—Have it attended to by a chiro-podist.

John P.—If the employee is engaged by the week and is discharged without cause during the middle of the week he is entitled to the full week's wages.

OVER THE PATHLESS OCEAN.

Athwart vast continents traversed by mighty from thoroughfares, many-armed like the fabled Briareus, myriads set forth daily to encounter the vicinitudes of travel, change of climate, unacoustomed food, and an atmosphere, possibly missmatic, yet with a calm confidence that their health will be preserved. When this confidence is based upon the possession of the supreme medicinal defence, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, it is in-deed well founded, otherwise not. Brackish water, bad food, the wearying and other bad effects of railroad jobing, sea-sickness and nervousness, aggravated by a journey and its attendant discomforts, are aborn of their pernicious influence by this sterling alterative, psoifier and compensating modicine, invaluable for dyspopeia, feeblemes, nervounces, obstipation, malarial disorders, rheumatism and kidney complaints.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

WOMEN, FROM THEIR sedentary habits, are often subject to headache and constipation. These are quickly removed by Carren's Little Liver Pills. "SUMMER NECTAR" IS NOT A BAD NAME.
You will think of it, perhaps, when you use KHAPP'S
ROOT BEER EXTRACT at home. 25c. and 50c. MARINE, FIELD AND OPERA-GLASSES, telescopes, &c., cheap. GEO SMITH, 82 Park Row.

AMUSEMENTS

PROCTOR'S PAR THEET
TO DAY, JULY 4. EXTRA MATINEE
AMERICAN JUVENILES. GRAD PRODUCTION 60 81.00 H. M. S. PINAFORE. MATTIKES MANHATTAN BEACH.

"LAST DAYS OF POMPEIL" HISTORICAL VERSION. ENTIRELY NEW

PAIN'S

Prof. Herrmann says that the Aranestiantic Vaudeville Company that he will put on the road next season will startle everybody. His agent, Lederer, now in London, is ensaging some very strong people. Herrmann's clever assistant, D'Alvini, died last night in Chicago. D'Alvini, in spite of his name and his personality, was a Cockney Englishman. Every evening except Sundays and Mond PALMER'S THEATRE Broadway and ROTH of CLOVER OPERA COMPANY.

MATINEED DATURED.

MADISON SQUARE THEATRE.
Evenings at 8 30.
THE BURGLAR.
founded on the skytch,
EDITHA'S BURGLAR.

THE COLAH. OSTER & BIAL'S CONCERT HALL
THE GREATEST SUCCESS ON ESCORD.
MONTE CRISTO, JR.
Matines Mouds, Wednesday, Saturday.

Centinuous Roof Garden Concert, 7,30 to 12.
Admission 50 cents, including both entertainment GRADO OPERA-HOUSE MATINER TO-DAY,
Reserved Seats, Orchestra Circle and Balcony, 50e.
To-Day (4th July) Mat. Thurs. Fri., Sat. Nights
TH. TROVATORE."
"IL TROVATORE."
"The Bohemian Girl."

Dockstader's Minstrels
BROADWAY AND 20TH ST.
Evenings, 8.15. Sat. Mat. 2.15
Sunday eve's, Grinwold's Stereopticon Entertelament. THEIS'S NEW ACTURE ALCAND ALRAW

19 TH ST | VISIT TO DAY | EDISON'S | GETTYSBURG, PHONOGRAPH EDEN MUSEE -CONCERTS

"I am sorry you are troubled with chronic also a success. He has a charming headache," replied the girl, sympathetically. voice, but there is a hard time in store | Merry War. Arnold Kiralty's Ballet every night.

## LOVERS. MATTIE'S

HOW A CASE OF TANGLED LOVE WAS UNRAVELLED.

Woolston that she would ever figure as a heroine in a story, she would have opened her brown eyes wide m amazement. She was the only child of good old Dr. Woolston, of Greyport, a thriving town in York-hire, and in the circle of local society was considered at once a belle and an heiress. Hair and eyes the color of a chestnut when first the burr uncloses, a complexion as soft as satin and white as milk, with the prettiest rose tint of color on the round cheeks, white, even teeth set in a pretty, smiling mouth, a figure tall, slight and graceful, were the at-

tractions in appearance of the village beauty. But those who knew Mattie Woolston well were wont to say that her pretty face and figure were the least of her charms. She had a low, musical voice, a manner graceful and essy, high bred by intuition of what was dignified and maidenly; she was the neatest housekeeper in Greyport, and all her taste-ful dresses and hats were the work of her own deft fingers. She had read intelligently and could converse well.

So it is no matter for wonder that Mattie had many lovers. But foremost upon the list, to all appearance, was handsome Ned Gordon, who had been to the University, and whose father shared the aristocratic honors of Greyport with the doctor and

and succeeded by the serene peace that is far above the care-east content that has never known interruption. He was not a handsome man, but had large, tender eyes under a broad white brow; and these would irradiate his homely face with a light almost divine, when he preached with an eloquence and simplicity rarely combined; so that men went from his church, slowly and thoughtfully producing upon truths that were but fully pondering upon truths that were but homely every-day facts, but suddenly had been illumined by earnest eloquence into paths to salvation.

law-books when the mood seized him, floating carelessly down life's stream doing no especial harm by the way, but assuredly doing no good either. Of his personal responsibility in the scheme of creation, he had never thought until the Rev. Harvev Stillman was appointed vicar of the fine old church at Greyport, where Ned's fine tenor was quite a feature in the choir. It must be confessed that, under the dull prosy preaching of Harvey S illman's predecessor, the choir seats had been a gathering place for much quiet fir ation among the belies and beaux of the town; and Ned's chief magnet was the certainty of sitting near Mattle, and hearing her clear, weet soprano join his own voice.

woice.

But before Harvey Stillman had been a month at Greyport, Ned was uneasily conscious that many of his words were as dagger-thrusts at his own simless, useless life, and thrusts at his own aimless, useless life, and waking to this consciousness, he also awakened to another disagree-ble fact-namely, that Mattle was also perceiving that life was a more estreat, real thing than she had lefore pictured it to herself.

She had never been a drone in the hive, bit she had become more actively useful outside of her little home-world, visiting in a quiet, unostentations way, among the

quiet, unostentatious way, among the poorest of her father's patients, doing good in an humble spirit, but with a sincere desire to help, as far as possible, those who needed her gentle ministrations.

Ned loved her more than ever for the gen-

was appalled by the tear of losing her, and yet she kept him from telling her either his

was appalled by the tear of losing her, and yet she kept him from telling her either his hopes or his fevrs.

"She thinks I am an idle, good-for-nothing fellow," he thought, "and I never get any chance now to tell her I mean to buckle on my aimor, too, and do my share of work. I am studying hard, and father will give me a start in my profession, that can be made a comfort to the afflicted and a light to the down-trodden. I mean to be all even Mattie can wish me to be, but I can't get a word with her now. Last evening sile was with that poor dying child of Crossman's, and to-day she is trying to comfort his mother. The last time I called she was at the National School, and when I do see her she is not the careless, merry-hearted Mattie of old. She thinks I am the same, though, and despises me for an idle good-for-nothing."

Some such pond-ring was in Ned's mind, when, driving his phaeton up the main street of the town, he overtook the Rev. Harvey Stilman going in the same direction. He reined in at once.

"If you are going my way, Mr. Stilman," he said. "will you let me drive you to your destination?"

"I am afraid I am going too far for you," was the ready. "I am on my way to Haw.

"I am afraid I am going too far for you," was the reply. "I am on my way to Haw.

ifully pondering upon truths that were but homely every-day facts, but suddenly had been illumined by carnest eloquence into heip, as far as possible, those who ever been element of these men, young wealthy and full of these men, young wealthy and full of talent, was Ned Gordon, Ma'ties are and an into leve and mirer from bothood. He had left her and hy those who were beenefied new of them, and had felt has heart form when college fook him again from Mattie, and her decemen more ostowed that ever when he came had not never her the contract of the sound of th

me as I care for her; but if I could believe she would be my wife when I deserved her, it would stimulate me as no other hope on earth could do."

"You think she loves you?"

The Rev. Harvev Stil mun's very lips were white as he asked the question.

"I did think so once. Now, I would give all I own to be sure of it."

There was much more to the same purpose, till Ned, with a sudden given of hope, asked the clergyman to plead his cause.

No one has so much influence as you have. She looks up to you as to a father,"

"I do think sudden given of hope, asked the clergyman to plead his cause.

"I do have the dread interview over to know the worst at once. He doorway till Ma tie, neither seeing nor hear, ing him, felt she was not alone, and looked up. In a moment she was on her feet, and a star, ed expression, as if she had received as sudden, unexpected blow where she it went to see. She strugg ed for commodate the clergyman to plead his cause.

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"Why do you come back?" she said.

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"I'l he cried. "I huntiliste you?"

"What else is a to come to me to plead the form of the father's handsome huse, and is was low and tremulous when she said.

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"Why do you come back?" she said.

"What else is a to come to the first time the clergyman saw her eyes flash with anger.

"I'l he cried. "Since you are Mr. Gordon's ambassador, tell structed her handsome house, and, fearing for his own strength, told his errand gently.

The girl looked at him with white cheeks and a start ed expression, as if she had received a studen, unexpected blow where she had looked for kindness. Her great brown eyes had a hunted, piteous look that it went to his heart to see. She strugged for composure before she tru-ted her voice to speak, and it was low and tremulous when she said.

"Since you are Mr. Gordon's ambassador, tell him, from me, that he has my most sincere "I did think so once. Now, I would give all I own to be sure of it."

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"No one has so much influence as you have. She looks up to you as to a father," said Ned, never seing how his listener winced at the comparison; and if you were to tell her how her love would aid me, she might believe I do not always mean to be the idler she has known."

"I will see her," was the grave reply. "If she loves you, she shall have the hanviness, of giving you the encouragement you desire."

But when the drive was over, and the elergyman entered his study, the quiet gravity of his face broke up into an expression of keenest anffering. He had borne many sorrows in his life. Death had taken him, only driven back by prayerful struggles. He had hoped to find in Greyport rest, after a tong battle in life. His living promised him an easy con petence and some leitance of the control of the

stranger?"
"Miss Woolston, you misjudge him and me—me most of all if you imagine I desire to humiliate you. I, woo honor you above all other women! I, who came tearing my own heart to plead against it for your happiness!

Do not in ge me harshly, Mattie, for my love's sake."

She had so visibly brightened as he spoke, such dewy happiness rested in the brown eyes, such tremulous smiles gathered around the small mouth, that the Rev. Harvey Stillman felt his own heart swell with sudden

radure.
"Mattie." he cried. "I am many years older than you are, and yet I love you with all the s reugth of my heart."
"And I love you."
Simply as a child, she told the truth of her own heart. He was not a man for any outburst of rapture. Tenderly he folded her in his arms, saying softly, "Thank God, darting!"

## If any one had hinted to pretty Mattie | clergyman, being the only lawyer in the